

and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

1. This must be done i'th woods,

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning sees so: where he himselfe will edifie the Duke most patlouly in our behalfe: hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to'th plaines, his learning makes no cry.

3. Weele see the sports, then every man to's Tackle: and Sweete Companions lets rehearse by any meanes, before The Ladies see us, and doe sweetly, and God knows what May come on't.

4. Content; the sports once ended, wee'l performe. Away Boyes and hold.

*Arc.* By your leaves honest friends: pray you whither goe you.

4. Whither? why, what a question's that?

*Arc.* Yes, tis a question, to me that know not:

3. To the *Games* my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

*Arc.* Not farre Sir,

Are there such *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:

And such as you neuer saw; The Duke himselfe Will be in person there.

*Arc.* What pastimes are they?

2. Wrestling, and Running; Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

*Arc.* Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir

Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde misgives me

This fellow has a veng'ance tricke o'th hip, Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though

If he dare venture, hang him plumb porridge,

He wrastle? he rost eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt 4.*

*Arc.*

*Arc.* This is an offerd oportunitie I durst not wish for. Well, I could have wished the best men calld it excellent, and swifter, then winde upon a feild (Curling the wealthy eares) never to be seen. And in some poore disguise be the Duke. Whether my browes may not be seen. And happines preferre me to a place. Where I may ever dwell in fight.

*Scena 4. Enter Sailors*

*Daugh.* Why should I love him? He never will affect me; I am but a daughter. My Father the meane Keeper of the castle. And he a prince; To marry him is to be his whore, is witles; Our Father what pushes are we wenches doing? When fiftene once has found us. I (seeing) thought he was a good fellow. He has as much to please a woman (If he please to bestow it so) as ever. These eyes yet lookt on; Next, I saw him. And so would any young wench that ever dream'd, or vow'd her selfe To a yong haasom Man; Then I saw him (Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely. And yet he had a Cosen, faire as he. But in my heart was *Palamon*, and he. Lord, what a coyle he keeps? Then I saw him. Sing in an evening, what a heaven. And yet his Songs are sad-ones; Was never Gentleman. When I saw him. To bring him water in a morning. He bowes his noble body, then faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow. Get thee a happy husband; Once I lov'd my lips the better ten dayes. Would he would doe so ev'ry day. And me as much to see his misery.